

THIS TOWN CAN'T GET OVER YOU

♩ = 58

HENRY HIPKENS

One last walk down Roy - al Street same old blues

sad and sweet. Rain drips down though the heavens and falls from the sky and

runs like tears down the faces of those I pass by. It's a sad sad town since you

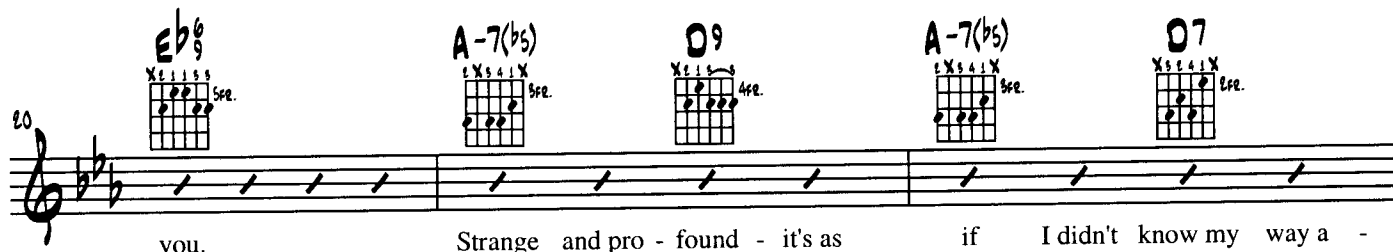
went a - way a sad sad town for those who stay.

I hate to leave New Orleans but what else can I do. Baby this town can't get o - ver

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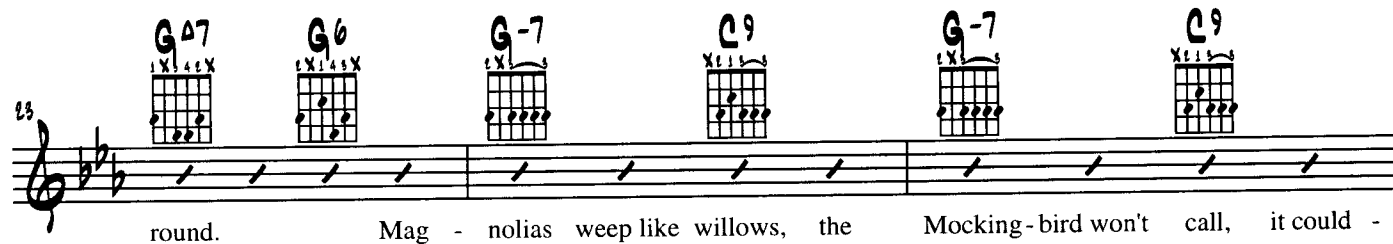
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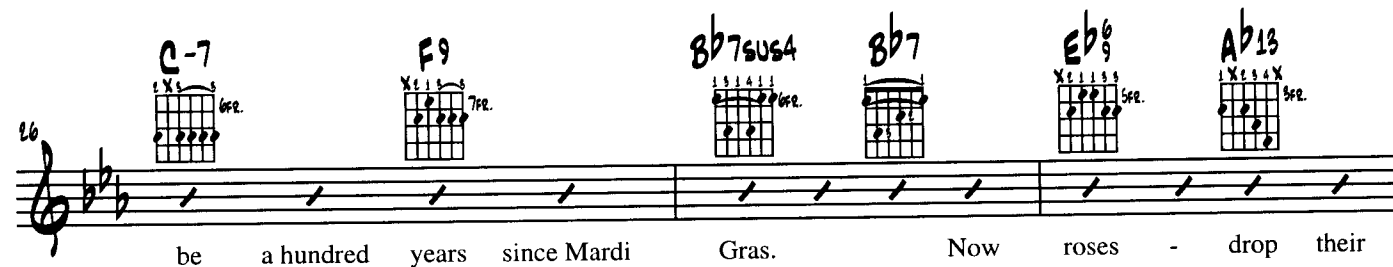
you. Strange and pro - found - it's as if I didn't know my way a -

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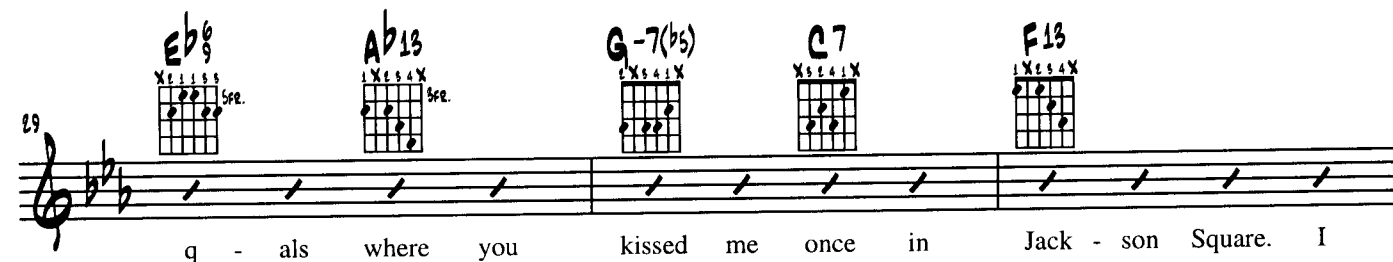
round. Mag - nolia's weep like willows, the Mocking - bird won't call, it could -

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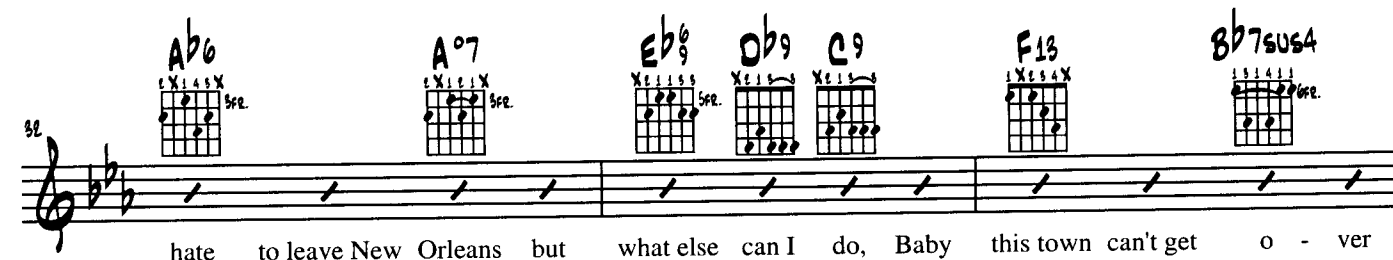
be a hundred years since Mardi Gras. Now roses - drop their

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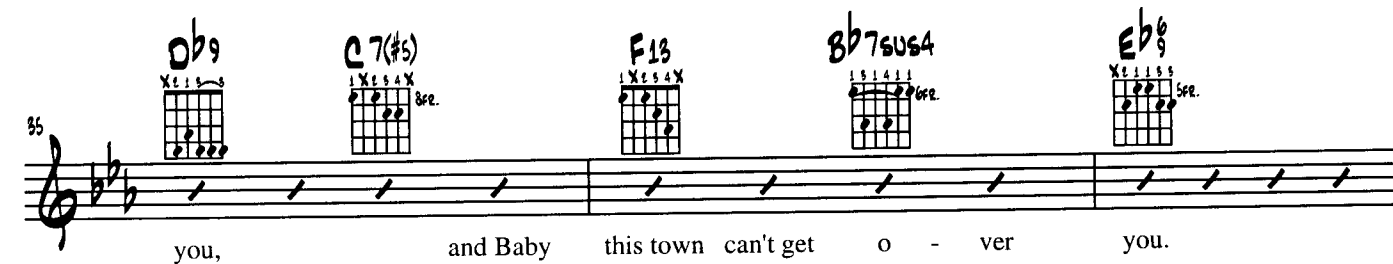
q - als where you kissed me once in Jack - son Square. I

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hate to leave New Orleans but what else can I do, Baby this town can't get o - ver

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you, and Baby this town can't get o - ver you.